

**MARVEL  
COMICS**

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!**



**SEPT  
#1**



# GAMBIT

**1<sup>st</sup>**  
OF A  
4-ISSUE  
LIMITED  
SERIES

**MACKIE  
JANSON**

# SINISTER REDEMPTION

7 59606 03633 2

\$2.50 US \$3.50 CAN

DIRECT EDITION

00111



ONE WEEK  
AGO.

FATHER MIGUEL BONAVITA, A  
PRIEST OF AN ANCIENT CLERICAL  
ORDER, WATCHES THE SKIES FROM  
HIS ROOFTOP OBSERVATORY IN  
VATICAN CITY, ROME...

...AND IS REWARDED WITH  
A BLAZING SIGN FALLING  
FROM THE HEAVENS.

AS THE CELESTIAL  
PORTENT STREAKS  
EARTHWARD TANTE  
MATTIE BAPTISTE,  
A HEALER OF THE  
CAJUN PEOPLE IN  
NEW ORLEANS, IS  
STRUCK WITH A  
DIVINE VISION OF  
THE STARS, FALLEN  
ANGELS AND...

...OF A LONE THIEF WHO SEEKS TO  
REPEAT FOR THE SINS OF HIS PAST.


AND IN  
NEW YORK CITY...

...A MALEVOLENT  
SMILE CROSSES  
THE FACE OF A  
BUSINESSMAN.

ANOTHER?

PERHAPS  
THIS ONE  
WILL BE  
MINE.





THOUGH TO CALL OLIVIER STOKER A  
BUSINESSMAN WOULD BE A GROSS  
MISSTATEMENT.

HE PRESIDES OVER A "BUSINESS"  
THAT EXISTS ON THE EDGE OF  
HUMAN DEPRAVITY AND IMMORALITY.

ALL THINGS  
LUST-FILLED  
AND VIOLENT  
FALL WITHIN  
HIS DOMAIN.

DAYS AND NIGHTS  
FILLED WITH  
DEBALCHERY  
ARE HIS ONLY  
DISTRACTION...

...HIS ONLY  
SATISFACTION.

BUT TONIGHT, WITH THE SIGN  
OF THE FALLEN STREAKING  
ACROSS THE NIGHTTIME SKY,  
HE TAKES NO PLEASURE IN  
ANYTHING ELSE.

THAT WHICH FALLS  
FROM THE HEAVENS  
WILL BE HIS.

AND IN THE VATICAN FATHER BONAVITA CALLS  
TWO OF HIS SMALL BAND OF YOUNG ACOLYTES  
TO THE CATACOMBS BENEATH THE CITY.

HERE THEY TOO PLAN  
ON RECOVERING THAT  
WHICH HAS FALLEN.

ANCIENT STAR CHARTS,  
WORLD MAPS AND SCROLLS  
ARE ALL PORED OVER --

-- UNTIL THE  
EXACT LOCATION  
OF THE FALLEN  
STAR IS  
DETERMINED.

SOON THE YOUNG  
FOLLOWERS ARE  
OFF ON THIS MOST  
SACRED QUEST.

A QUEST WHICH  
WILL LEAD THEM  
TO...



MIAMI BEACH,  
ONE WEEK LATER.

TO SOME THIS FLORIDIAN RESORT  
TOWN IS A STOPOVER ON THE WAY  
TO THE CARIBBEAN.

TO OTHERS IT IS THE NEWEST CITY  
OF SIN AND DECADENCE, WHERE  
THE RICH AND FAMOUS GATHER  
TO LAVISH THEMSELVES IN ALL  
THINGS OF THE FLESH.

STAN LEE  
PRESENTS:

The ragin cajun,

**GAMBIT** in:

# FALLING STAR

TO THE X-MAN WHO  
IS THE ONLY MUTANT  
MEMBER OF THE  
GUILD OF THIEVES  
IT IS SIMPLY...

...RIPE FOR  
THE PICKING!



**KLAUS JANSON**

art

**HOWARD MACKIE**

words

STABKINGS/COMICRAFT

letters

**CHRISTIE SCHEELE**

color

**KELLY CORVENE**

editor

**BOB HARRAS**

chief





FEELS GOOD TO BE BACK IN DE LIFE!

I NEED DIS LIKE THE GATORS NEED DE SWAMP.

BOLUNCIN' ROUNDE OLTER SPACE WITH DE X-MEN, SAVIN' CIVILIZATIONS --

-- IS ALL WELL AND GOOD, BUT A MAN'S --

-- GOT TO CUT LOOSE SOME-TIMES.

AND EVER SINCE I WAS JLIST A PLIP BACK IN NEW ORLEANS...

...DERE WAS ONLY ONE TING THAT COULD HELP ME FORGET MY TROUBLES...

...STEALING!

\*SEE UNCANNY X-MEN #1'S 34-2 THROUGH 34-4 -- KELLY.



AND IT'S NOT LIKE THESE CLUBAN GANGSTERS ARE MAKING IT TOO DIFFICULT!

THEIR STATE OF THE ART SECURITY SYSTEMS --

-- ARE MORE THAN LACKING IN ONE OR TWO AREAS.



MAYBE I LEAVE THEM A NOTE WITH SOME SUGGESTIONS.

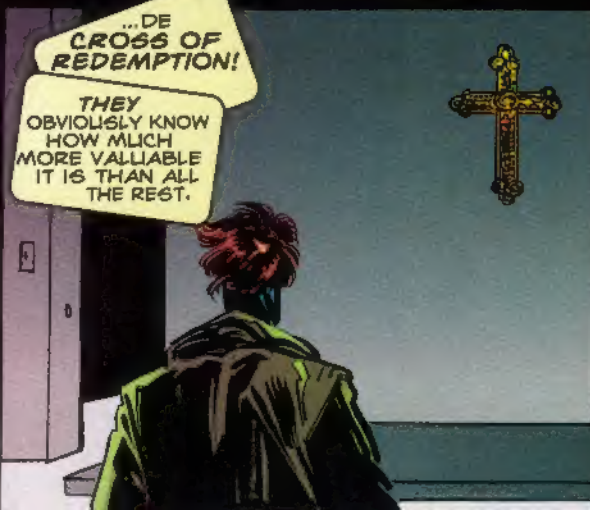


LOOK AT DIS!



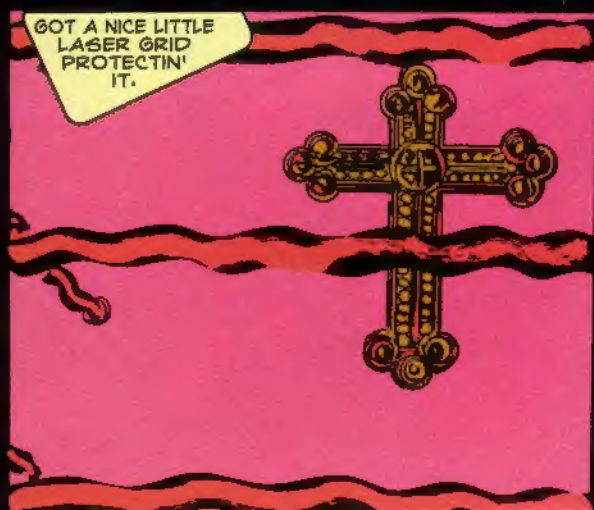
THIS IS A VIRTUAL MUSEUM OF STOLEN ART!

IT'S ALL NICE, BUT... I CAME FOR ONLY ONE TING...



...DE CROSS OF REDEMPTION!

THEY OBVIOUSLY KNOW HOW MUCH MORE VALUABLE IT IS THAN ALL THE REST.



GOT A NICE LITTLE LASER GRID PROTECTIN' IT.







BUT EVEN THE MOST HIGH TECH SECURITY HAS SOME WEAKNESS.

YOU JUST GOTTA KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

AND I ALWAYS KNOW WHERE TO LOOK!

A SIMPLE LOCK PICK.



USE MY MUTANT POWERS TO KINETICALLY CHARGE IT UP.

A LITTLE DIG! A LITTLE DAT! AND...



...REDEMPTION IS MINE!



LIKE IT WOULD EVER BE THAT EASY!

I GAVE UP ON REDEMPTION FOR MY PAST TRANSGRESSIONS --

-- RIGHT ABOUT DE TIME I STOPPED GOING TO CONFESSION! BUT I DO GOT THE CROSS AND...

PUT DAT BACK AND STOP FOOLIN' AROUND, REMY LeBEAU...



...WE GOT WORK TO DO!

TANTIE MATTIE ?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE LOOKIN' LIKE A GHOST WHEN I NEVER HEARD THAT YOU DIED?

I'M NOT DEAD, CHILD! STOP ASKIN' SUCH FOOL QUESTIONS AND WATCH WHERE YOU BE GOIN'!



YOU ABOUT TO WALK INTO THE --

-- ALARM!

THIEVES GUILD! PHAH!

MORE LIKE A BLUNCH OF CHILDREN WHO WON'T GROW UP AND DO REAL MAN'S WORK!

WHOOOOOOOOOO

NOW LOOK AT YOU, REMY! CALIGHT AND SURROUNDED WIT' YOUR HANDS IN THE COOKIE JAR JUS' LIKE WHEN YOU WERE A WHELP!

NOW WHAT YOU GOIN' TO DO? AND HERE WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

<WHO IS HE TALKING TO?>

<HE'S PRETENDING TO BE CRAZY SO WE GO EASY ON HIM!>

<THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN! LET'S SHOOT HIM IN THE HALLWAY!>

WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, TANTE? WHAT "IMPORTANT BUSINESS"?

\*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.

<MR. SANTANA WILL SKIN US ALIVE IF WE GET BLOOD ON HIS ART!>

WE'VE GOT THE LORD'S WORK TO DO, REMY!

DON'T GIVE ME ANY MORE OF THAT NEW ORLEANS SINNERS AND SAINTS STUFF, TANTE!

YOU FORCE FED THAT STUFF TO ME WHEN I WAS A KID AND I DON'T BUY IT ANYMORE!

I DON'T BELIEVE THE SAINTS OR HIM ANYMORE!

I CERTAINLY AM NOT GOIN' TO BE DOIN' HIS WORK!

YOU DON'T GET TO CHOOSE, CHILD.





Oh,  
YES I  
DO!

LONG AGO  
I DECIDED I  
WOULD ALWAYS  
HAVE FREE  
WILL.

I DO WHAT  
I WANT TO...  
ANYTHING! WITH  
ANYBODY!

AND IF  
HE DON'T  
LIKE IT HE  
CAN --

REMY!



YOU ARE  
NOT TOO BIG  
FOR ME TO PUT  
OVER MY KNEE,  
BOY! I WON'T  
HEAR THAT KIND  
OF TALK COMIN'  
FROM YOUR  
MOUTH!

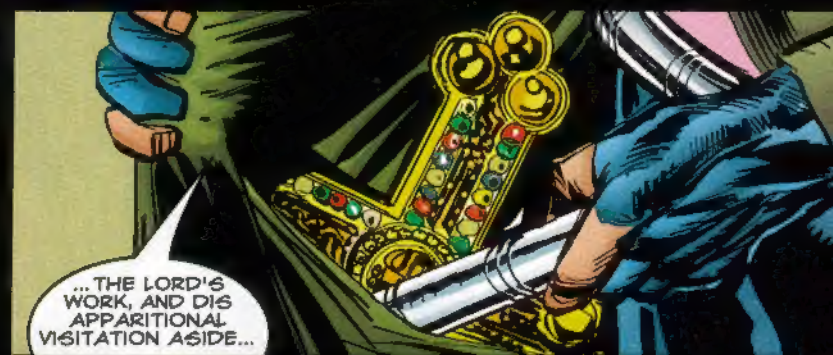
I'VE  
KNOWN YOU  
EVER SINCE  
THE THIEVES  
GUILD TOOK  
YOU IN OFF  
THE STREET  
AND MADE  
YOU ONE OF  
THEIR OWN.

I KNOW  
YOU BELIEVE...  
EVEN IF YOU'VE  
FORGOTTEN HOW.  
I PRAY FOR YOU  
EVERY DAY,  
REMY.

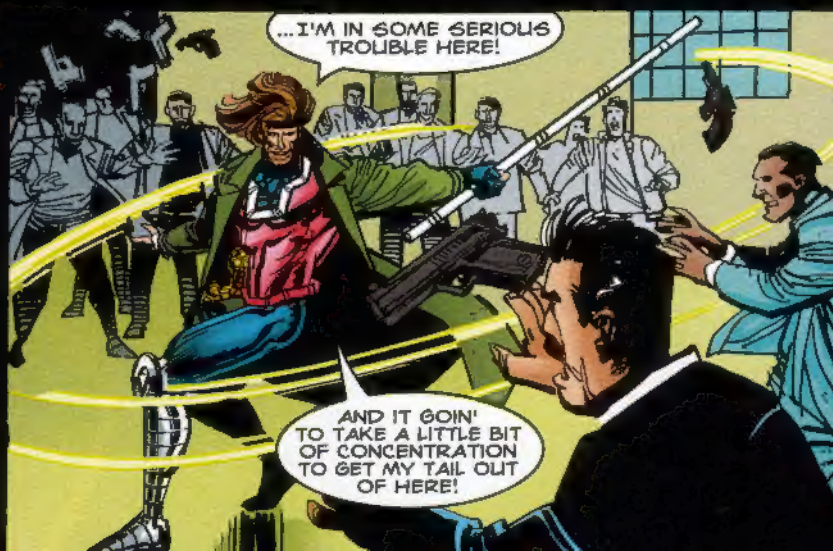


YOU  
ALWAYS HAD  
TOO HIGH AN  
OPINION OF  
ME, TANTE!

NOW  
IF YOU'LL  
EXCUSE  
ME...



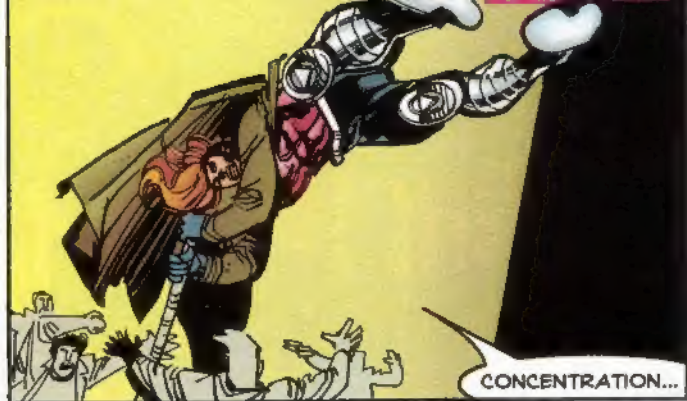
...THE LORD'S  
WORK, AND DIS  
APPARITIONAL  
VISITATION ASIDE...



...I'M IN SOME SERIOUS  
TROUBLE HERE!

AND IT GOIN'  
TO TAKE A LITTLE BIT  
OF CONCENTRATION  
TO GET MY TAIL OUT  
OF HERE!







# THE VATICAN...



SISTER  
KATRINA  
HAS ARRIVED  
IN MIAMI,  
MARCELO.

YOUR  
FLIGHT  
LEAVES  
IN AN  
HOUR.

THIS IS  
A MOST SACRED  
TASK WHICH RESTS  
UPON THE TWO OF  
YOUR SHOULDERS,  
MY SON.

THE FALLEN  
MUST BE RECOVERED  
AND RETURNED HERE  
BEFORE IT IS ALLOWED  
TO BE CORRUPTED BY  
THE FORCES OF  
DARKNESS.

THE WAY BACK  
WILL BE FRAUGHT  
WITH PERIL.

IT WILL  
BE DONE,  
FATHER.  
THE FALLEN  
WILL BE  
SAVED.

MY  
FAITH IS  
STRONG.





I KNOW THAT IT IS, MY SON, BUT STRENGTH ALONE MAY NOT BE ENOUGH. YOUR FAITH MUST BE UNWAVERING.

THE FORCES OF DARKNESS ARE SEDUCTIVE.

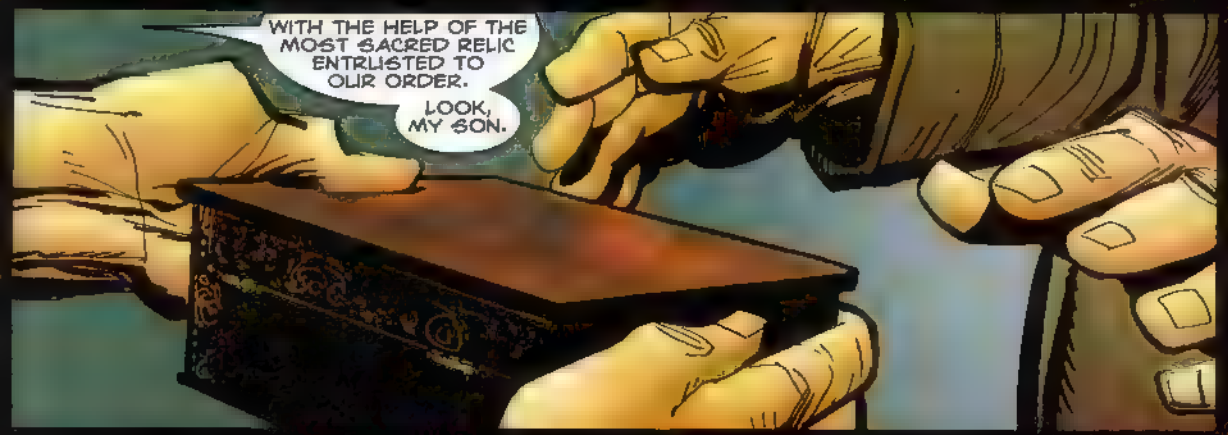
THEY WILL TRY ANYTHING TO ENSNARE THE FALLEN FOR THEMSELVES.

IT WILL NOT HAPPEN WHILE I STILL DRAW A BREATH, FATHER, BUT...

...ONCE THE FALLEN IS RETURNED TO THESE HALLOWED GROUNDS, THEN WHAT?

FROM HERE IT GOES ON TO ITS PROPER PLACE IN THE HEAVENS.

HOW, FATHER?



WITH THE HELP OF THE MOST SACRED RELIC ENTRUSTED TO OUR ORDER.

LOOK, MY SON.



FEW ALIVE HAVE GAZED UPON THIS CELESTIAL GIFT.

IS IT...?

THE EMBODIMENT OF OUR ORDER... OF OUR FAITH! THE MERE SIGHT OF WHICH SHALL EMBOLDEN YOUR FAITH AND INCREASE IT TENFOLD.

YOU MUST NOT FAIL, MY SON.

THE FALLEN MUST BE SAVED.

IT WILL BE DONE.





MIAMI

SANTANA'S  
BAND O'  
GANGSTERS  
HAVE DIS  
HERE TOWN  
SEWN UP  
REAL  
TIGHT.

AIRPORT,  
TRAIN  
STATION.

PRETTY MUCH  
ALL THE TOLL  
BOOTH'S LEADIN'  
OUT O' DIS TOWN  
ARE COVERED  
BY HIS PEOPLE.



GONNA HAVE TO  
SIT TIGHT AND  
KEEP A LOW  
PROFILE FOR A FEW  
DAYS WHILE THINGS  
CALM DOWN.

I HEAR  
THAT SANTANA  
USED A CHAIN  
SAW ON THE LAST  
GUY DAT TRIED  
TO STEAL FROM  
HIM.

PRETTY  
SCARY.  
I LIVE  
FOR DIS  
FEELIN'.



WHAT'S  
DIS? BIG  
CROWD  
GATHERED ROUND  
THE BEACH.

PERFECT FOR  
LOSIN' YOURSELF  
IN. DEY SEEM  
PRETTY EXCITED  
THOUGH.



PROBABLY  
SOMEONE  
WASHED UP ON  
SHORE. 'DROWNIN'  
VICTIM OR SOMETHIN'.

PEOPLE CAN'T  
HELP BUT TRY TO  
CATCH A GLIMPSE  
OF THE FACE  
OF --



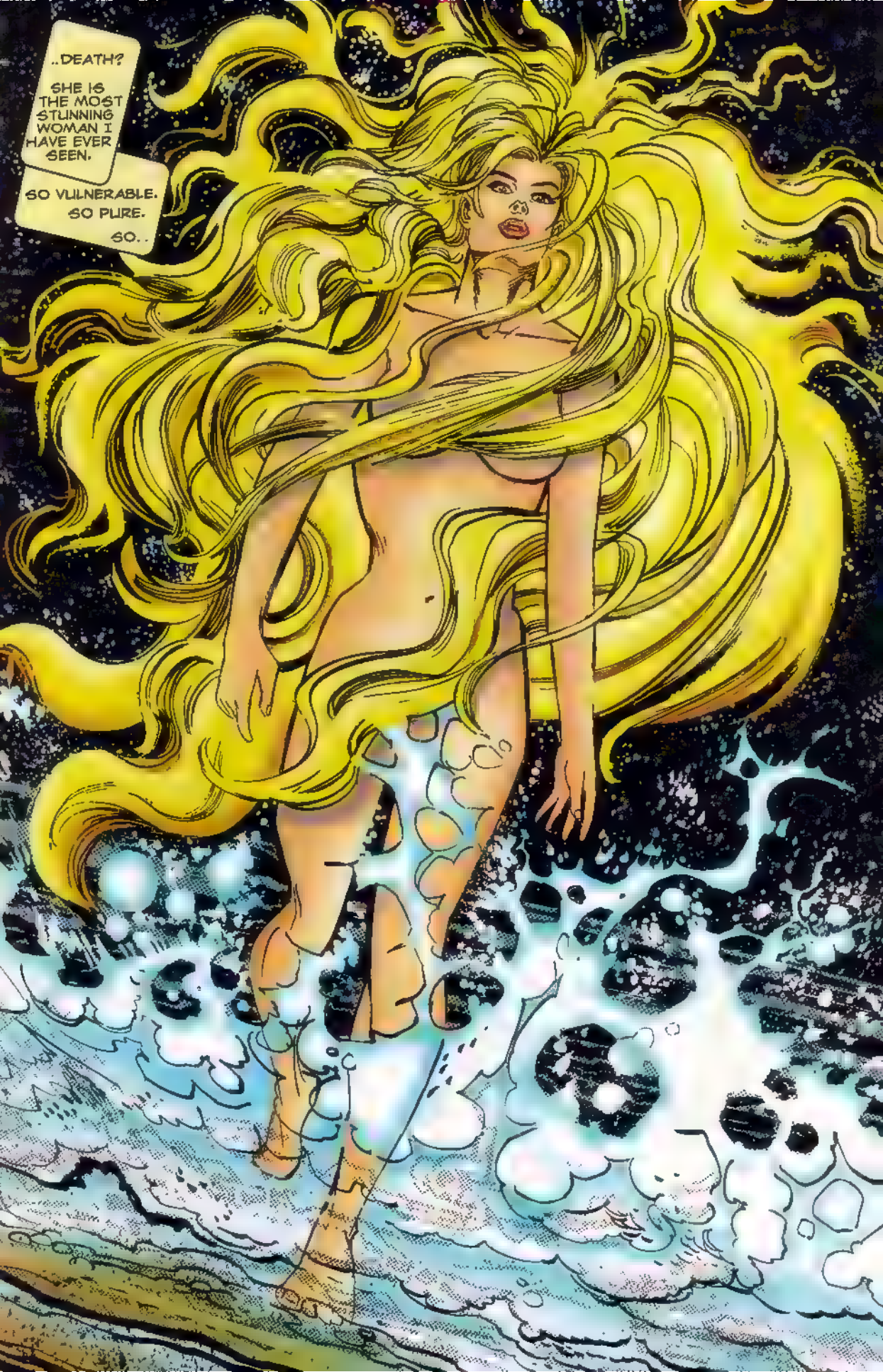
..DEATH?

SHE IS  
THE MOST  
STUNNING  
WOMAN I  
HAVE EVER  
SEEN.

SO VULNERABLE.

SO PURE.

SO...

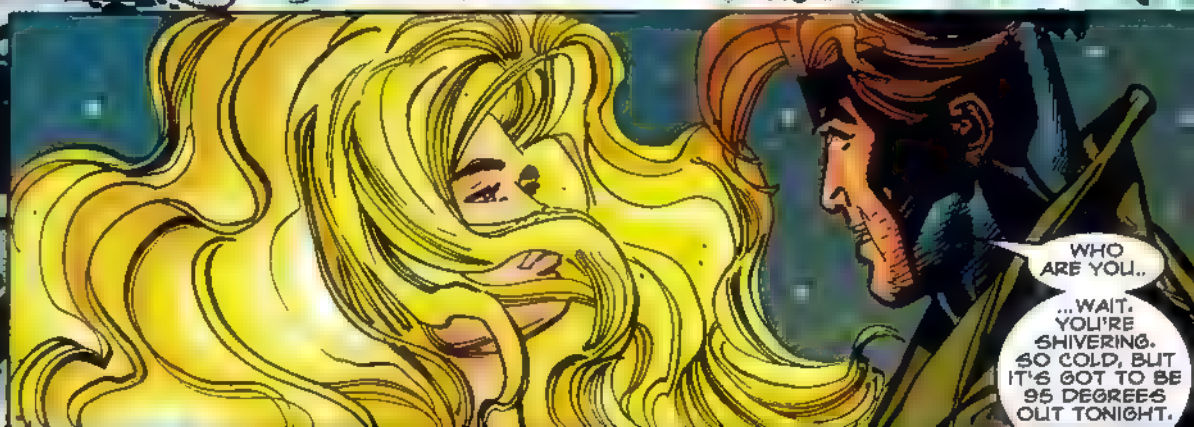






...NAKED!  
NEVER  
SEEN HER  
BEFORE,  
BUT...

SOMEHOW  
I THINK SHE'S  
LOOKIN' FOR  
ME!



WHO  
ARE YOU...

...WAIT.  
YOU'RE  
SHIVERING.  
SO COLD, BUT  
IT'S GOT TO BE  
95 DEGREES  
OUT TONIGHT.



ALL THE MORE  
REASON FOR ME  
TO GIVE UP MY  
COAT.

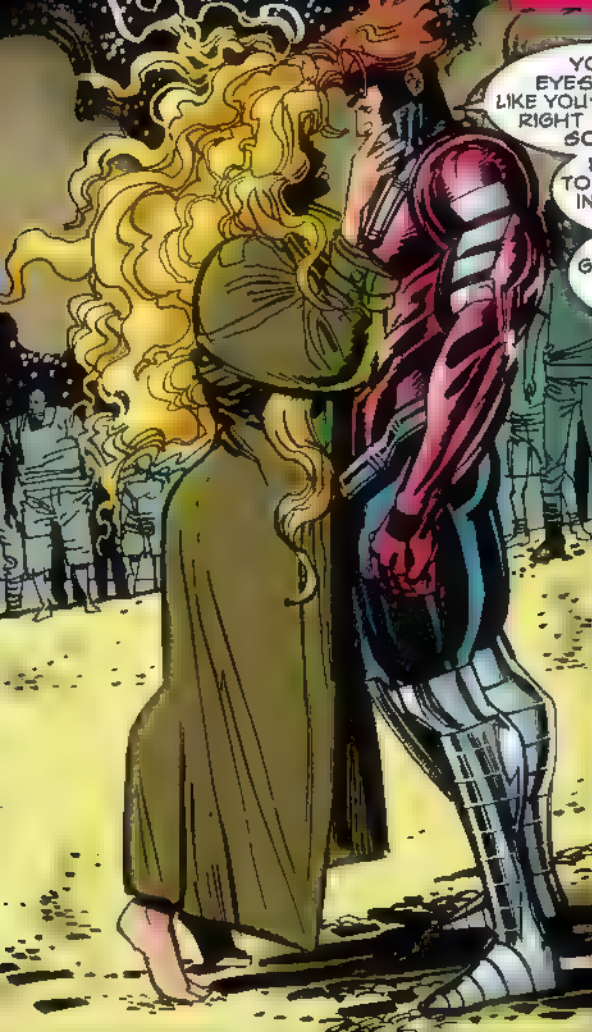
DO I  
KNOW  
YOU?

WHAT'S  
YOUR NAME,  
HERE?



HER  
SMELL...  
HER TOUCH...  
...IT IS  
INTOXICATING.





YOUR EYES... IT'S LIKE YOU'RE LOOKIN' RIGHT INTO MY SOUL.

DON'T WANT TO POKE 'ROUND IN THERE NOW, THERE..

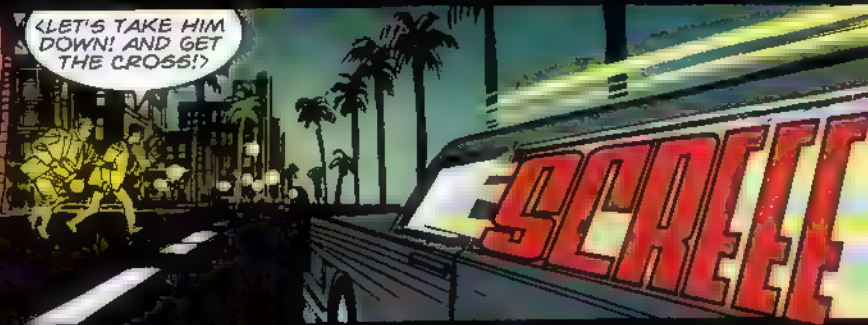
...IT GET PRETTY DARK THERE.



LOOK! IT'S HIM! STANDING IN PLAIN SIGHT >



LET'S TAKE HIM DOWN! AND GET THE CROSS!>



MOVE IT BEFORE --!



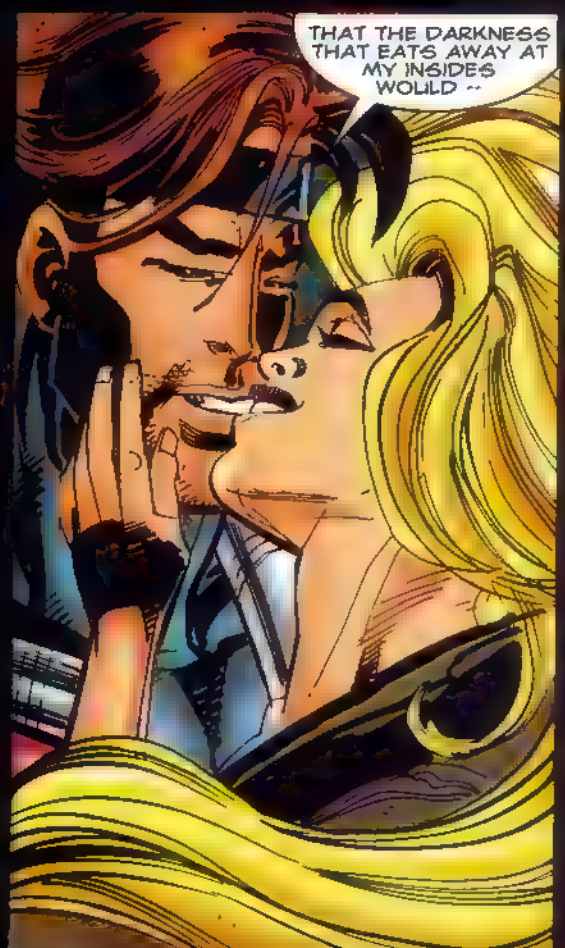
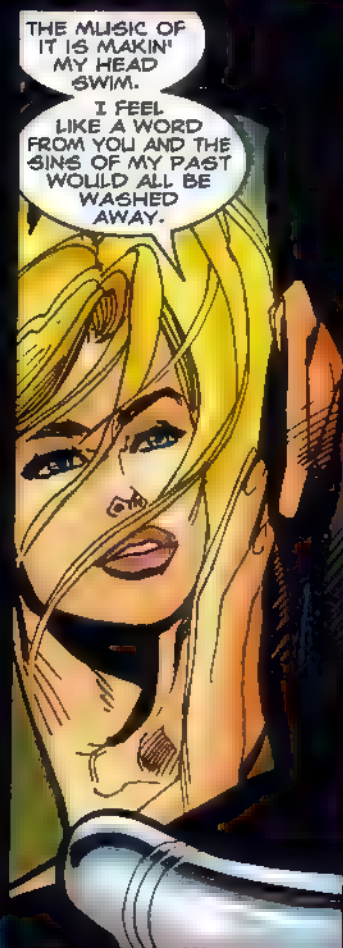
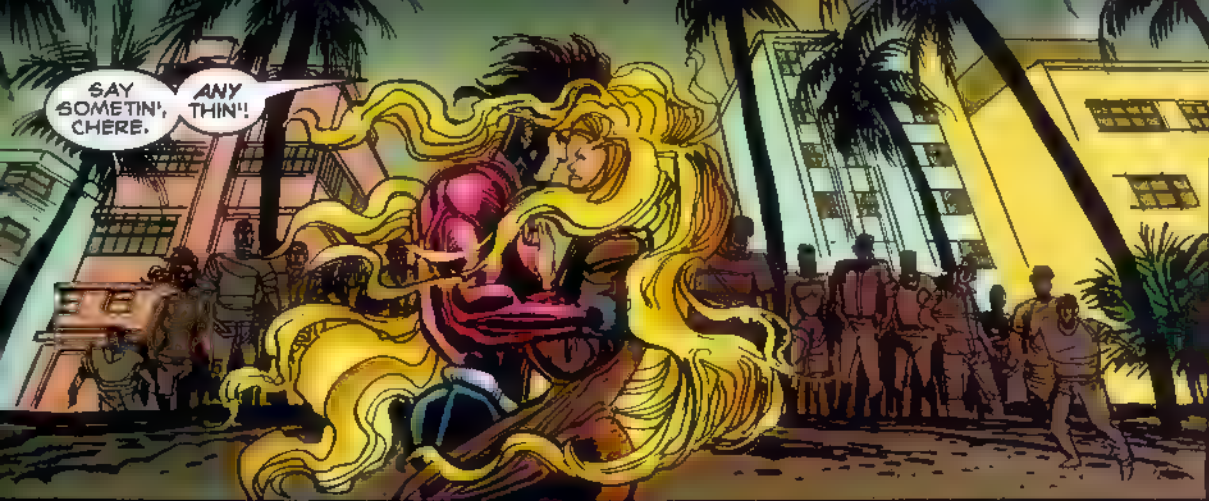
THERE IS NO NEED FOR SUCH THREATS, RAMONE.



FOR I HAVE NEED OF YOUR SERVICES.

AFTER ALL... DO WE NOT ALL DESIRE THE SAME THING?







I'LL DEAL  
WITH IT AND  
WE'LL GET BACK  
TO WHERE WE  
WERE!

NORMALLY  
I'D USE A FEW  
PLAYIN' CARDS  
IN A SITUATION  
LIKE DIS.

IT IS MY  
TRADEMARK.

BUT  
DIS TYPE  
DOESN'T  
DESERVE IT.

A HANDFUL  
OF SAND.

A LITTLE  
CHARGE FROM  
MY MUTANT  
POWER.

AND...

**BOOM**

AND NOW  
WE MOVE,  
HERE!

**FAST!**

LeBEAU IS  
EXACTLY  
WHAT I NEED  
TO HELP ME  
WITH THE  
RECOVERY  
OF THE  
GOODS!

RESOURCEFUL  
AND...

...OF A  
QUESTIONABLE  
MORAL COMPOSITION.

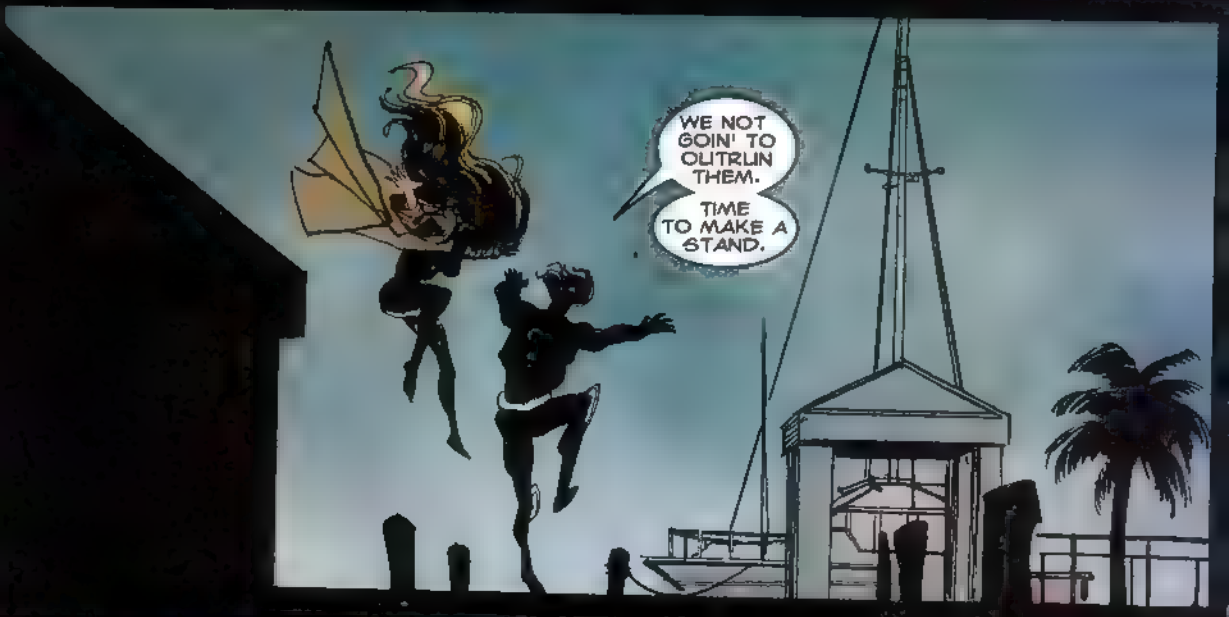
THESE GANGSTERS  
WILL NEVER  
SUBDUCE HIM.

THOUGH I AM  
AFRAID THEY  
MAY DAMAGE  
THE GOODS  
ALONG THE  
WAY.

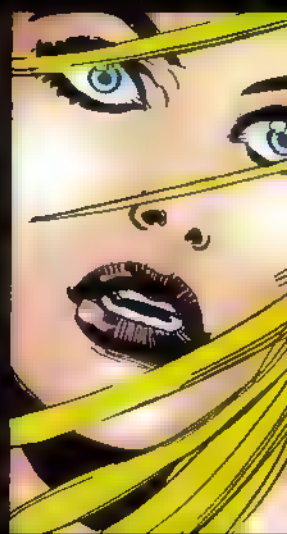
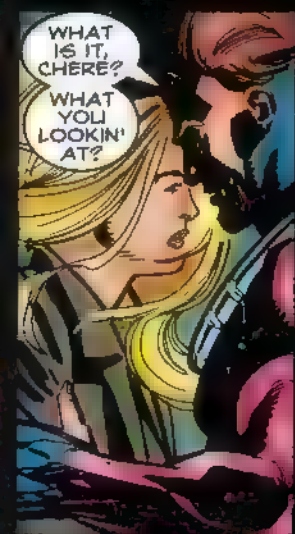
ATTEND  
TO IT, MY  
DEAR.

I THOUGHT  
YOU'D NEVER  
ASK.





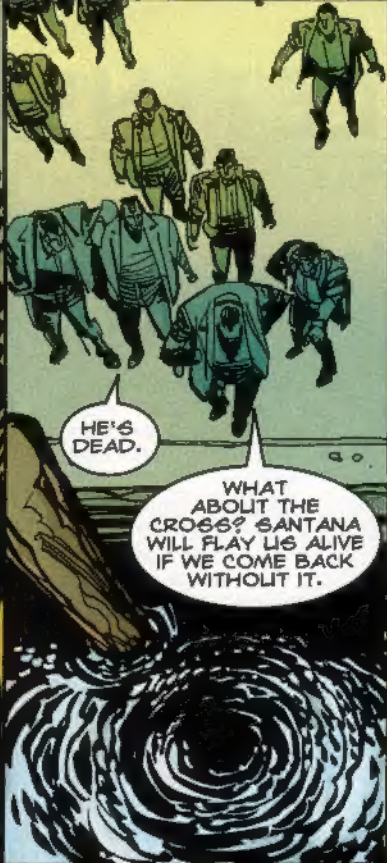












HE'S DEAD.

WHAT ABOUT THE CROSS? SANTANA WILL PLAY US ALIVE IF WE COME BACK WITHOUT IT.



HE IS NOTHING. A COMMON THIEF. THE GIRL. SHE WAS WEARING HIS COAT. SHE'LL HAVE THE CROSS.

I SAID I WANTED THEM BOTH ALIVE.



YEAH, BUT WE WORK FOR SANTANA AND HE --

HE IS NOTHING! YOU BELONG TO ME NOW!

I WANT THE FALLEN ONE.


THE CAJLIN IS NEEDED IN MY ATTEMPT TO ATTAIN THE FALLEN.

PRAY THAT HE LIVES...

...OR YOUR TORMENT WILL BE LINENDING.







I'M DYING.

HOW'S IT GO AGAIN?

BLESS ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED. DIS IS MY LAST CONFESSION.

TOO LATE TO DO ANY PENANCE FOR MY SINS.  
TOO LATE FOR ANY CHANCE OF REDEMPTION.

REMY!  
YOU LISTEN TO ME, BOY!

IT'S NOT YOUR TIME YET, CHILD.

THERE IS STILL THE LORD'S WORK TO DO.

I TOLD YOU... I DON'T DO THE LORD'S WORK.

AND I TOLD YOU...

...YOU DON'T GET TO CHOOSE!





DIS  
TIME  
I TINK I  
DO, TANTE.

SEEING A  
LIGHT LIP THERE,  
TANTE. AND AN  
ANGEL WAITING  
TO CARRY ME  
AWAY.

JUS'  
LIKE IN ALL D'  
MOVIES.

TIME  
FOR  
ME TO BE  
MOVIN'  
TOWARD  
DAT  
LIGHT.

YOU  
DO THAT,  
CHILD.

YOU  
DO  
THAT.

To Be Continued...